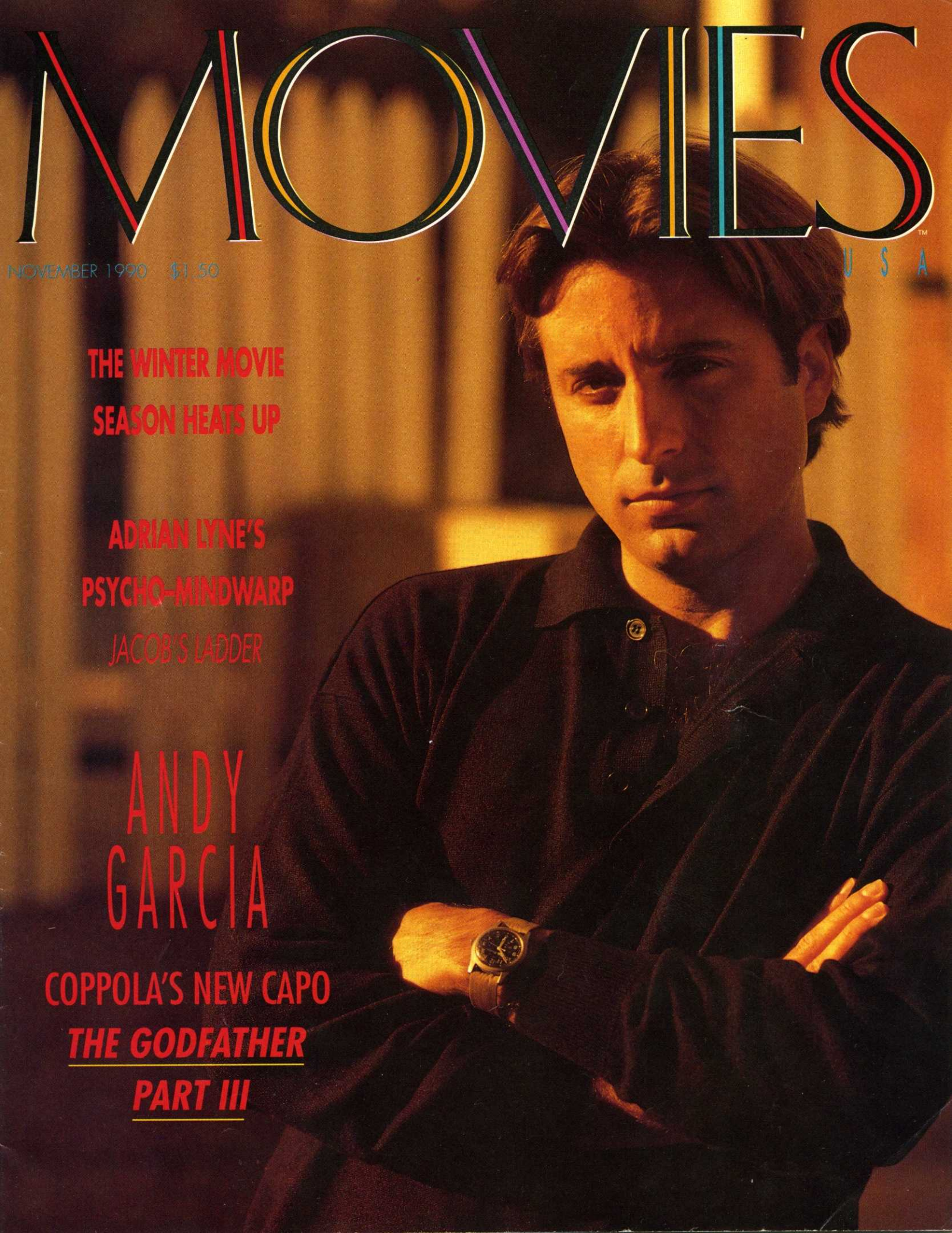
MOVIES

USA

NOVEMBER 1990 $1.50



THE WINTER MOVIE SEASON HEATS UP

ADRIAN LYNE'S PSYCHO-MINDWARP

JACOB'S LADDER

ANDY GARCIA

COPPOLA'S NEW CAPO

THE GODFATHER PART III

A group of childhood friends. A pact of 30 years.
A reunion they hoped would never happen.

STEPHEN KING'S

IT

From the author of Stand By Me

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and
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THIS CHRISTMAS, THE GUY FROM DOWN UNDER IS WORKING FOR THE MAN UPSTAIRS.

ON THE COVER:
Andy Garcia turns on that trademark stare as he assumes an epic role in next month's *The Godfather Part III*. Photograph by Timothy White/Paramount

MOVIES
USA

FEATURE PLAY

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As Francis Coppola's mega-opus *The Godfather* swings into its final chapter, Andy Garcia prepares for more offers than any actor could refuse. Plus we visit Coppola's set where art and Italian family life blur. MARTHA FRANKEL

26 TAKE 2: **JACOB'S LADDER**
Actor Tim Robbins twists his head into bold new shapes for director Adrian Lyne's dark and demented Vietnam nightmare. DAVID PECCHIA

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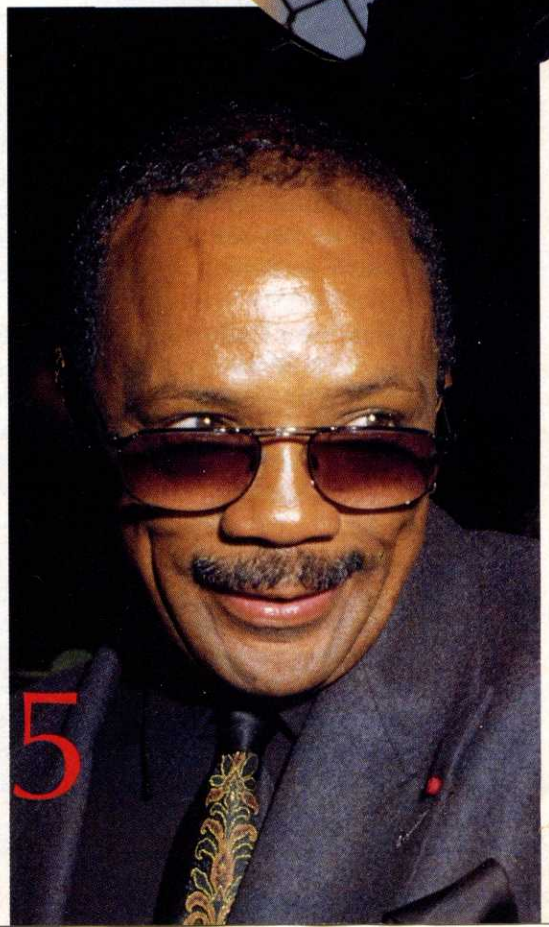

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Barry Levinson: Movie Author

Barry Levinson doesn't do pitches.

"I don't pitch it, I just write it," growls the director of *Rain Man*, *The Natural* and *Good Morning, Vietnam*, among others.

Levinson graced us with a few minutes of his Rosh Hashana holiday to help scare up some extra tickets to *Avalon*, a grand spectacle that could arguably be subtitled "The Barry Levinson Story."

Levinson on the set of his epic *Avalon*

This future Best Picture nominee details the arrival of Sam, a Russian Jewish immigrant, to Baltimore in 1914 and his poignant take on the next five decades. It doesn't smack of the same high-concept nonsense as that Hoffman/Cruise film, but rest assured the Academy will still lick their plate on this one.

"Well, these movies are always going to be difficult to ever get made," laments the Baltimore Pictures founder of his very expensive home movie. "They're going to be an endangered species in the future."

Lavish period piece. Serious wardrobe. Big, talented, ensemble cast. Levinson must have insisted on at least a month of rehearsals.

"No."

Come on, Barry...my mom's reading this.

"I don't like a lot of rehearsal time," allows Levinson. "I think you want the actors to know what movie you're making and to understand what's supposed to go into a given scene, but I don't really want to rehearse that much because I think film and stage are different.

"And sometimes you rehearse it and it suddenly goes dead on you when you're shooting. You may explore different kinds of variations of it, but I'm not a stickler for real rehearsal: 'Spin here, turn there,' whatever... et cetera, et cetera."

Okay, fine. Levinson also displayed the same nonchalance when casting *Avalon*'s central role—that of Sam the immigrant. The actor who would win this part would be required to convey humor sprinkled with a dash of pathos. Remember, this is a character inspired by the director's grandfather.

Armin Mueller-Stahl, a future Best Actor nominee, had recently played an accused Nazi murderer defended by daughter Jessica Lange in *Music Box*. Two decidedly different personae.

Barry?

"I never saw his previous work," says Levinson of Mueller-Stahl, the man who would be Sam. "Yeah, I just saw him and thought he had what was necessary to play that character. He had a certain kind of poignancy and strength and something about an individual that worked in his life. And he had the experiences, whether they were real or not, that somehow I could believe that this man had *lived*." ★

PHOTO BY BARRY WETCHER/TRI STAR

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ROB REINER

Based on the Novel by
STEPHEN KING

Screenplay by
WILLIAM GOLDMAN

JAMES CAAN · KATHY BATES

MISERY

Paul Sheldon used to write for a living.
Now, he's writing to stay alive.

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Columbia Pictures

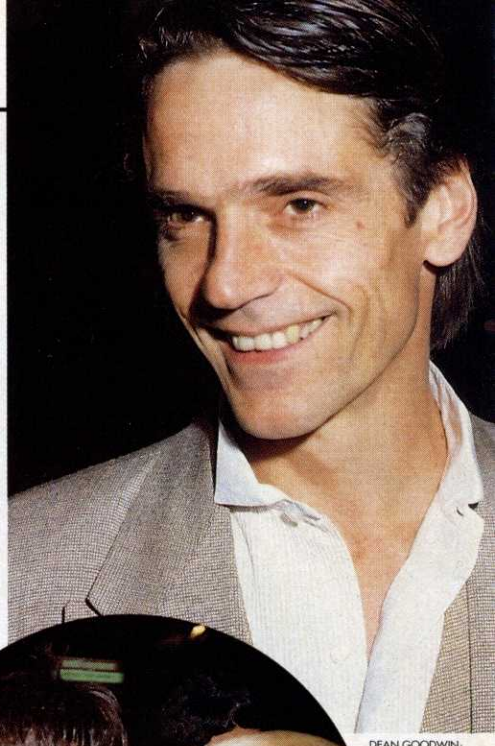
A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE

THE MOVIES' GLITTERATI MAKE THE SCENE

THE GREAT WHITE NORTH'S FEAST OF FESTS

Toronto's **Festival of Festivals** has evolved into the most important, all-encompassing film feast on the North American continent. It attracted a number of major media personalities, film distributors and movie fanatics buzzing around the 290 films unspooled in a number of theatres around town, and all their attendant hoopla. **Dennis Hopper** was there to show his latest directorial effort, ***Hot Spot***, as was **Clint Eastwood**, for the premiere of his ***White Hunter, Black Heart***. **Robert Altman** showed his Van Gogh biopic, ***Vincent and Theo***. Also very evident at the opening string of parties were Canada's own **Donald Sutherland *(Bethune: The Making of a Hero)***, **Ron Silver** (he plays lawyer Alan Dershowitz, who defends **Jeremy Irons**' amazingly portrayed Claus Von Bulow in ***Reversal of Fortune***, directed by the ever-fascinating **Barbet "Barfly" Schroeder**), **Beau Bridges**, **Liza Minnelli** (in town filming *Stepping Out*, and in to see Patricia Rozema's ***White Room***), **Gerard Depardieu** (the schnozz in question in ***Cyrano De Bergerac***), **Whoopi Goldberg** and that *enfant terrible*, *Batman* director **Tim Burton** (whose awesome *Edward Scissorhands* will finally open next month), who just dropped in for the frolics and to lend moral support to pals **Catherine O'Hara** (who appeared in his *Beetlejuice*) and her man, Bo Welch, who did that film's eerie production design.

Highlights of the festival for this exhausted reviewer were the abovementioned *Reversal of Fortune* and the chance to say hi to **Quincy Jones**, subject of the fascinating bio-documentary ***Listen Up***. The stellar arranger/producer, who is the man behind the music of Michael Jackson , We Are the World, Ray Charles, Dizzy Gillespie, Frank Sinatra and many soundtracks, was given a standing ovation at the film's premiere. Also fascinating is the horror-story melodrama ***The Field***—**Jim Sheridan**'s follow-up to his *My Left Foot*—about greed and retribution over land in twenties Ireland; ***Fools for Fortune***, with **Julie Christie** as a haunted survivor of a massacre; ***Tune in Tomorrow***, Jon Amiel's quirky comedy based on Maria Vargas Llosa's *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter*, with nice perfs by **Keanu Reeves**, **Barbara Hershey** and **Peter Falk** (who seemed to be in two places at once as he sat for a press conference, then showed up the next night on tv to receive an Emmy award); and most amazingly, ***The Grifters***, which zooms in on the sleazy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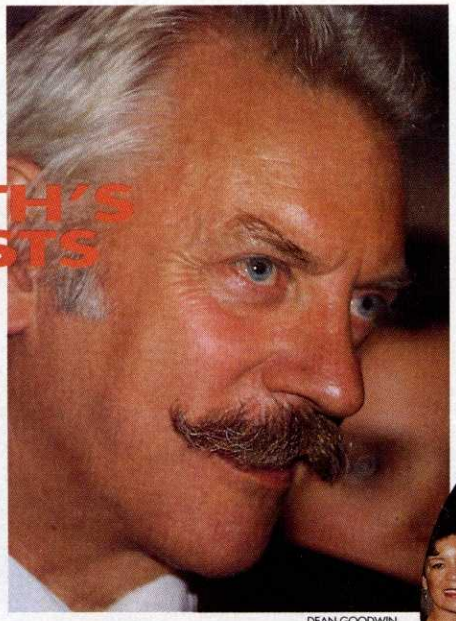
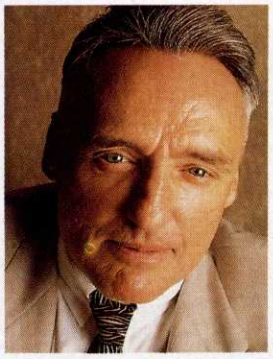

DEAN GOODWIN

DEAN GOODWIN

JOHN MEDLAND

(Top) **Donald Sutherland,** (Top Right) **Jeremy Irons,** (Inset Right) **Dixie Jewison, Liza Minnelli,** (Above) **Quincy Jones and Courtney Sale Ross beam at the Toronto scene.**


RAFY

STEVEN ROBINSON

(Above Left) **Dennis Hopper touches the *Hot Spot* as** (Above Right) **Clint Eastwood and** (Below) **Whoopi Goldberg do their thing.**

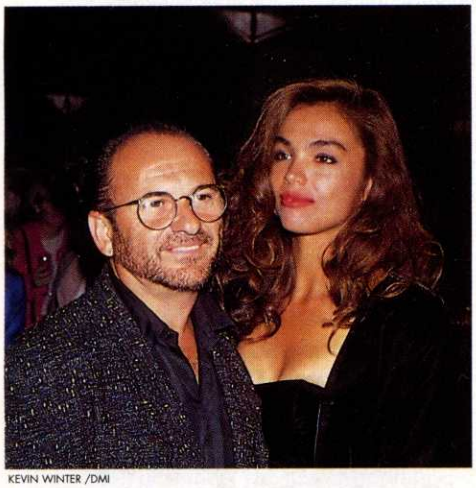
RAFY

ALEX OLIVEIRA/DMI

ALBERT FERREIRA /DMI

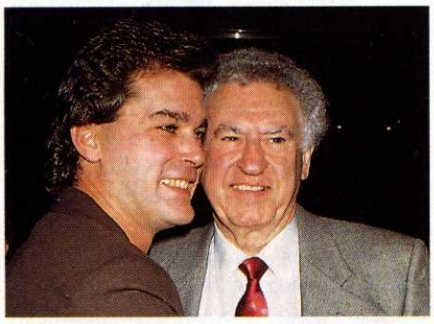
ALEX OLIVEIRA/DMI

Family Fellas: (Top) **The Brothers Coen and the cast of *Miller's Crossing*.** (Above) **Martin Scorsese with his Mom and Pop at *GoodFellas*.** (Left) **Roseanna Arquette by her beautiful lone self.** (Far Left) **Scary *Fella* Joe Pesci cracks a smile with his wife.**



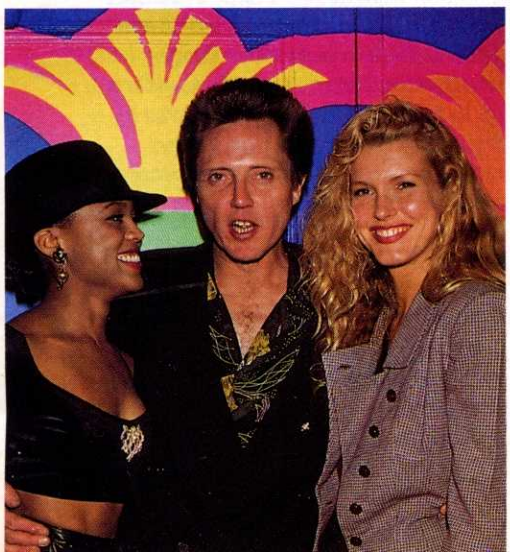
ALBERT FERREIRA /DMI

KEVIN WINTER /DMI



KEVIN WINTER /DMI

(Above) **Ray Liotta huddles with his father as *GoodFellas* premieres.** (Below) **Chris Walken cuddles with his *King of New York* co-stars.**



ALEX OLIVEIRA/DMI

surroundings of a trio of con artists in modern-day Los Angeles, played by **John Cusack** as a two-bit shell-game hustler, **Anjelica Huston** as his hard-hearted race-track-fixer mom and **Annette Bening** as his finance con-artist girlfriend. The last word goes to its director, **Stephen Frears**, who tipped his hat neatly to the film's producer and narrator thusly: "The person I'd really like to thank is my boss, **Martin Scorsese**, because he is a wonderful man. I'd like to thank him for his support, his sympathy and his humanity. He would have been a great priest."

—Noë Goldwasser

REEL COOL TIME IN NY

As if it's not enough to worry about dodging real bullets in New York these days, the opening week of the **New York Film Festival** had us dodging them in our seats as well. **Joel and Ethan Coen**'s remarkable ***Miller's Crossing*** started the week off with a bang. After the show, the Coen brothers and their stars, (**Gabriel Byrne**, **John Turturro**, **Marcia Gay Harden** and **Jon Polito**) gave a press conference. The Coens proved that you don't have to be verbal in order to make great movies: they answered each question by deferring to each other or anyone else who would answer. Byrne said that he always perceived his character (Tom) as a very ethical guy, and then Joel Coen disputed that by saying, "It's not a moral or ethical lesson in any way. Oh God, I hope not." When Turturro was asked who he molded his homosexual character, Bernie, on, he said, "Loeb and Leopold. Both of them."

The Coens looked a lot more relaxed that night when they joined the wild throng at The Museum of Modern Art for the premiere of **Marty Scorsese**'s dazzling ***GoodFellas***. After the screening, Gabriel Byrne and his wife, **Ellen Barkin**, ate strawberries dipped in chocolate with **Toukie Smith**, **Madonna**, **Nick Nolte** and **Cis Corman**, **Tom Brokaw**, **Alan King**, **Roy Scheider**, **Chris Reeve** (who was referred to as Superman by at least 100 people), **William Kennedy**, **Willem Defoe** and **Elizabeth La Compte**, **Diahnne Abbott**, **Brooke Shields**, **Lizzie Bracco**, **Tatum O'Neal** and **John McEnroe**. In a corner stood Scorsese with insiders **Robert De Niro**, **Chris Walken**, the euphoric **Ray Liotta**, **Paulie Herman**, **Joe Pesci** (who kept pooh-poohing the Oscar nomination talk), and *GoodFellas* author **Nick Pileggi**. There

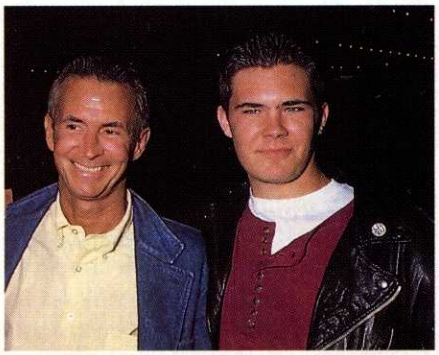
H-WOOD'S MANY MOODS

BILL DAVILA

KEVIN WINTER/DMI

BILL DAVILA

(Top Left) Newlyweds Uma Thurman and Gary Oldman step out for *State of Grace*. (Above) Not-wed-yets Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan do the same for *Postcards From the Edge*. (Left) Sean Penn and Robin Wright achieve a *State of Grace* while (Below) Anthony Perkins, his son, John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal step out.



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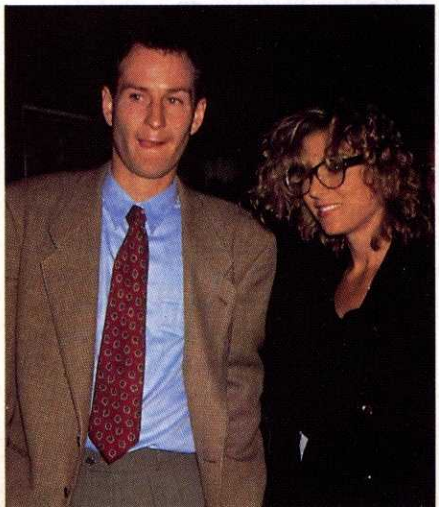

BILL DAVILA

were more men kissing each other on the cheek than on Christopher Street that night. Although **Lorraine Bracco** was absent (at work on a film in L.A.), her name was on everyone's lips. The highlight was when I heard someone introduce **Paul Simon** to **Tony Bennett**.

The next day, Abel Ferrara's ***King of New York*** premiered at the festival. A wonderful look at a Rainbow Coalition of gangsters in New York, the film definitely attracted attention. Ferrara and star Chris Walken walked into the press conference only to be assaulted with barbs from the assembled press, who wanted Ferrara to explain America's fascination with mobsters. After much fumbling for words, Walken tied the whole thing up when he said, "Gangsters probably go home at night and think they're doing the right thing. The only thing that separates them from wholesome people is: they're wrong!"

—Martha Frankel

Does the locale, food and mood of the stars at Hollywood premieres have anything to do with the actual mood of the movie? We have a feeling it's not intentional, but movie premieres are subtly starting to take on the characteristics of the film. For instance, at the *Postcards From the Edge* premiere at Century City's 20/20 club, no one drank any alcohol, and the caterers concentrated on desserts—rows and rows of them. Did that have anything to do with **Meryl Streep** playing a recovering addict in the film? She showed up with sculptor husband Don Gummer and with her chic, Demi-short hair, much like the hair of the book and film's writer **Carrie Fisher**, who also made a brief appearance with her CAA agent boyfriend. The mood? Edge-y.

At the New York premiere of *State of Grace*, **Sean Penn** imitated his tough-guy movie gangster by needing a little "help" from his publicist to pose for paparazzi pictures with co-star **Gary Oldman**. Then he sneaked out the back door with pregnant *Grace* co-star and girlfriend, **Robin Wright**, giving even his friends the slip. The mood? Intimidating.

After Dark, My Sweet had a very noir-ish premiere at the West Hollywood hot spot Po-Na-Na-Souk, a Moroccan caravan, Afro-Euro beat kind of a place. The music swelled, **Rachel Ward** looked swell with her hubby **Bryan Brown**, but the swells spent the whole night chasing down **Madonna,** who attended with the film's director **James Foley**, who directed her video *Live to Tell* and the movie *At Close Range*, which starred Madonna's ex. Cuddling up to the black-clad Madonna most of the night was the man who always makes her look beautiful, photographer **Herb Ritts**. The mood: swelling.

THE BIG BIG NEWS

Two big guys are now dads. **John Goodman** and his wife Annabeth had a baby girl, Molly Evangeline. And almost next door at Cedars Sinai in Beverly Hills, Diceman **Andrew Dice**

GO FOR IT!

ROCKY V

NOVEMBER 16

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

KEVN WINTER/DMI

KEVN WINTER/DMI

KEVN WINTER/DMI

Art Saves Lives: (Top Left) **Cassandra Peterson,** (Top Middle) **Robert Downey Jr.,** (Above Right) **Don, Melanie, and** (Above Left) **Joan Severance do their part for Aids Project Los Angeles.**

Clay and girlfriend Kathleen Monica had a boy. "She had a boy because I told her to," was Clay's enthusiastic and extremely liberated response.

If you noticed that **Farrah Fawcett** didn't wind up in **Leonard Nimoy**'s *Funny About Love* —it wasn't for lack of trying. Farrah shot scenes as one of **Gene Wilder**'s girlfriends, but director Nimoy didn't think it worked, and she wound up on the proverbial cutting room you-know-what.

And how's this for cool? David Lynch collaborator **Mark Frost**, who often writes episodes of *Twin Peaks*, is writing the screenplay for the *Good Morning, Vietnam* sequel, *Good Morning, Chicago*. We can definitely see Robin Williams flying on all that coffee and donuts.

—Merle Ginsberg

PAPARAZZI SAMURAI
WELCOME TO
SUBWAY
Lil' Italia
authentic
ITALIAN FOOD
TODAY'S SOUP
WON TON
WE MAY BE GOOD BUT BRANDO? C'MON! HE'S NOT EVEN IN THE GODFATHER III
SO WE'LL SHOOT FOR ANDY GARCIA
HE'S UNTOUCHABLE
MAYBE FROM AL CAPONE, BUT NOT FROM THE PAPARAZZI SAMURAI!
SO WHY LITTLE ITALY
MULBERRY ST
A CRIMINAL ALWAYS RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME
AND BESIDES THEY MAKE THE BEST CALAMARI FRITI OUTSIDE OF SICILY!
I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS TOTALLY LEGITIMATE ACTING JOB THAT PAYS 1,000 DOLLARS A DAY!
TALK TO MY AGENT, M.B., AND MAKE HIM AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE!
WAS THAT WHO I THINK IT WAS... BRANDO AND GARCIA TOGETHER!?
THIS IS A PHOTO OPPORTUNITY WE CAN'T REFUSE!
A QUICK CHANGE AND THE PAPARAZZOS ROLL FILM...
...AND ROLL OUT!
WOW- WHAT LUCK! GARCIA IN AN EXACT POSE FROM THE UNTOUCHABLES!
TOKENS
"THE HORROR... ...THE HORROR!"
MAMA MIA! THAT'S NOT ANDY GARCIA!
OH, MAN!
IT'S MATTHEW BRODERICK!
NOT OH, MAN... THE FRESH MAN

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THE TRUE STORY OF LONDON'S
MOST NOTORIOUS FAMILY.

THE KRAYS

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BILLIE WHITELAW • TOM BELL • GARY KEMP • MARTIN KEMP PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX THOMSON MUSIC BY MICHAEL KAMEN WRITTEN BY PHILIP RIDLEY
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER PAUL COWAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JIM BEACH AND MICHELE KIMCHE WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO PAUL FELDMAN PRODUCED BY DOMINIC ANCIANO AND RAY BURDIS
DIRECTED BY PETER MEDAK

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DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES

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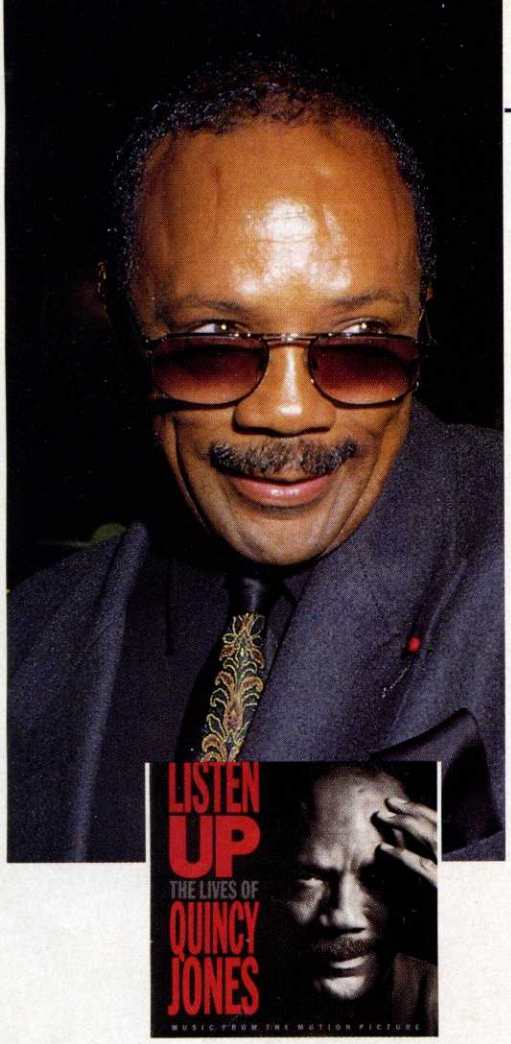
MIRAMAX FILMS

OPENS IN NOVEMBER AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE.



LISTEN UP: THE LIVES OF QUINCY JONES

Qwest/Reprise Records

The movie itself is a soundtrack to the life of an eclectic genius, so this is the soundtrack to a soundtrack. From Count Basie to Ray Charles, from Frank Sinatra to Leslie Gore, Sarah Vaughan to Aretha Franklin, Tevin Campbell, Siedah Garrett, Melle Mel and Ice-T. All deliciously strung together by the tones of Quincy's mellifluous spoken voice.

Noë Goldwasser

Mo' Better Blues

Columbia Records

Bill and Spike Lee take The Branford Marsalis Quartet for a ride on the Coltrane.

Dario Scardapane

GoodFellas

Atlantic Records

The track for this twisted buddy movie really works in counterpoint to the progression of time in a mafiosi milieu. Tony Bennett's "Rags to Riches" melds appropriately to The Chantels and Bobby Darin. As we cruise into the sixties, Aretha pumps us up and Cream, Clapton and Muddy Waters share a waterbed with no apparent discomfort. As Ray Liotta goes on a jag at the end of the seventies, Clapton's "Layla" smooths the comedown. Music you can't ignore.

N.G.

Pump Up the Volume

MCA Records

The film's about teenage angst and the soundtrack shows it. Henry Rollins, Soundgarden, Sonic Youth, Liquid Jesus and The Pixies put out a blistering caterwaul counterpoint to Christian Slater's adolescent rebellion.

D.S.

Men at Work

Mesa Records

Emilio Estevez pulled a smart one when he hired ex-Police drummer Stewart Copeland to score his film. The result is a nifty collection of peppy reggae sounds from the likes of UB40, Ziggy Marley, Black Uhuru, Third World and Sly & Robbie. Exceptional background music for a sunny day.

N.G.

Days of Thunder

David Geffen Company

This clunker takes a spin down some achingly bad tracks. Pay your insurance and Cruise past this one.

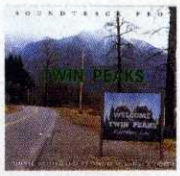
Robert Horn

Wild at Heart

Polygram Records

The perfect aural backdrop to Lynch's freakshow, this wild mix boasts Angelo Badalamenti (The *Twin Peaks* maestro) and the diverse talents of Gene Vincent, Chris Isaak and Powermad (!). Nicolas Cage does Elvis.....and it works.

D.S.



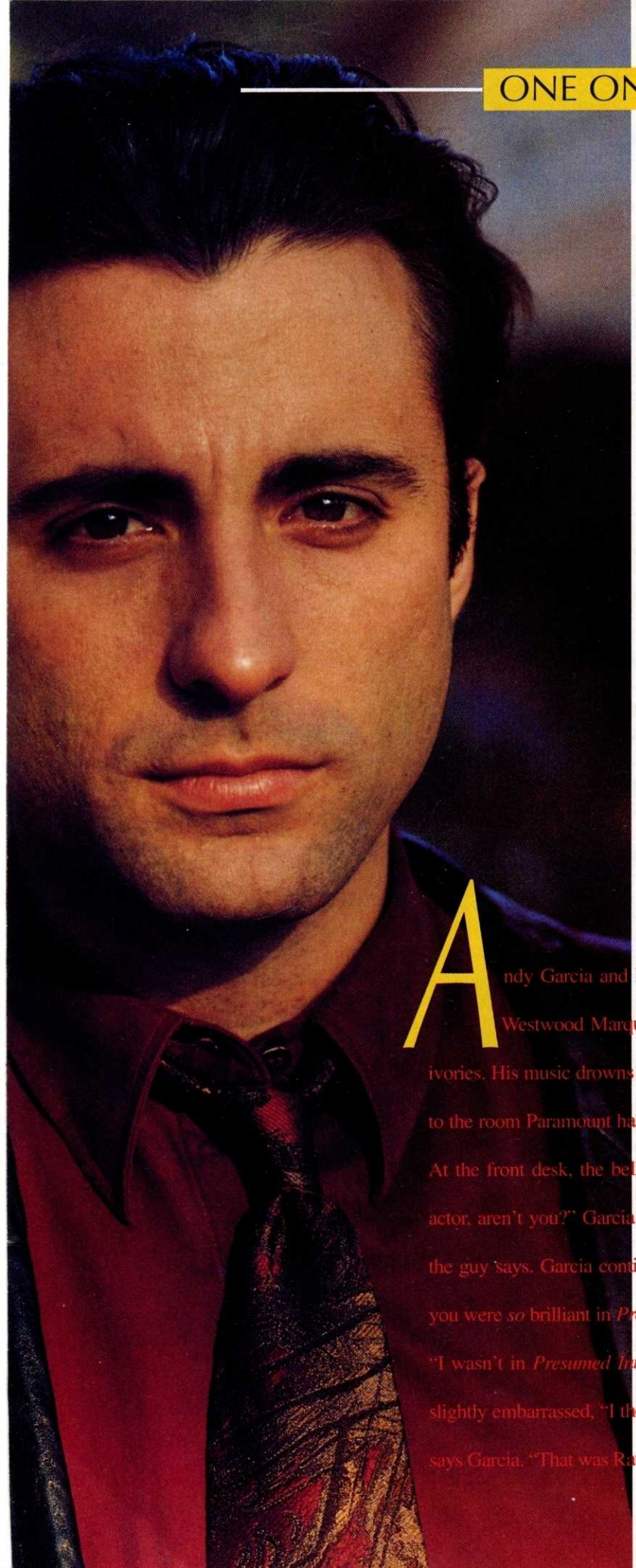
Twin Peaks (The Soundtrack)

Warner Bros. Records

Okay, we know this is not technically a movie soundtrack, but Lynch is so cinematic. You get all that great theme music from the tv show, with Julee Cruise's haunting vocals and Lynch's moody lyrics. Great for hip clothing store operators—attention, narcoleptic shoppers!

N.G.

The



EMILIO LARI/PARAMOUNT

ANDY GARCIA JOINS AL PACINO AND DIANE KEATON AS THE NEWEST ADDITION TO THE TIGHT-KNIT FAMILY OF COPPOLA'S CLIMACTIC *GODFATHER PART III*. HE'S GOT SOME HEAVY SHOES TO FILL.

BY MARTHA FRANKEL

Andy Garcia and I have just settled into the restaurant at the Westwood Marquis when the piano player starts tickling the ivories. His music drowns out our conversation, so we decide to go up to the room Paramount has rented for him. Only he can't find the key. At the front desk, the bellman hands it to him and asks, "You're an actor, aren't you?" Garcia smiles and nods. "God, I love your work," the guy says. Garcia continues to smile. The guy goes on. "I thought you were *so* brilliant in *Presumed Innocent*." The smile begins to fade. "I wasn't in *Presumed Innocent*," Garcia admits. "Oh," says the kid, slightly embarrassed, "I thought you were the defense attorney." "No," says Garcia. "That was Raul Julia."

STEVE SCHAPIRO/PARAMOUNT

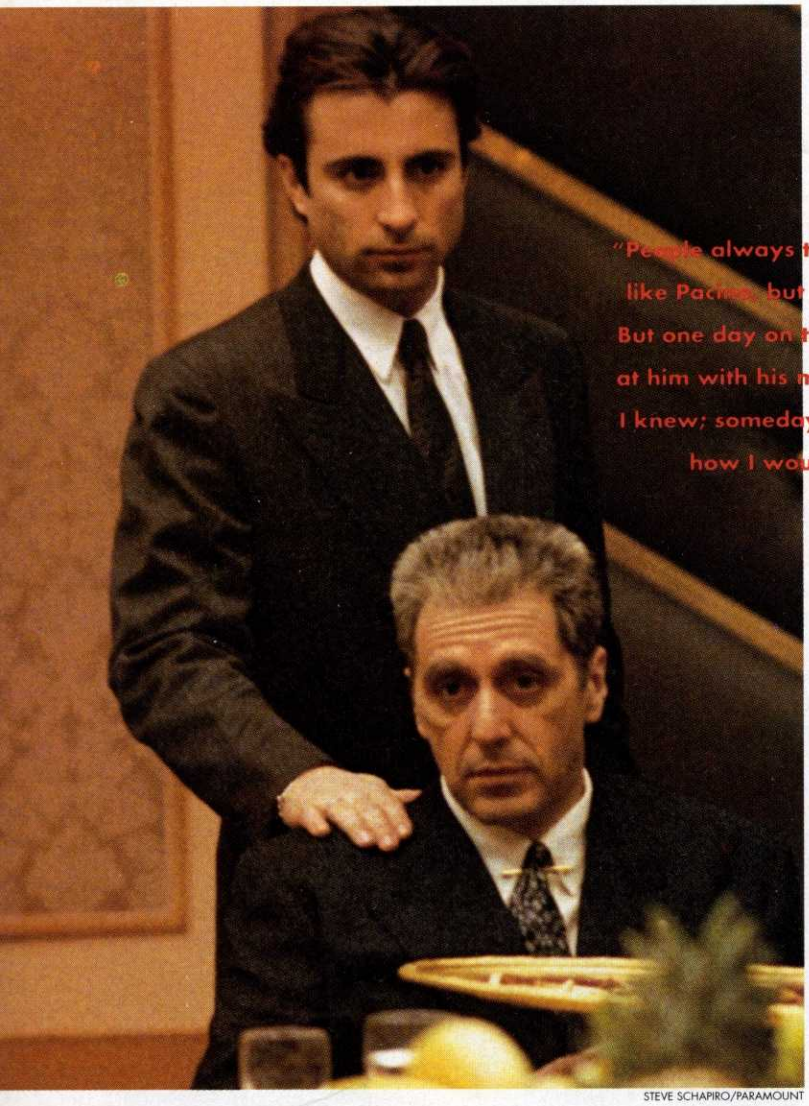
Godfather's Heir Apparent

In the elevator, Garcia starts to laugh. "I just love when that shit happens, when they know you but they can't really place you. That happens to me a lot."

Once *The Godfather Part III* opens, things will be different. Francis Coppola's series of gangster epics have brought universal recognition to actors like Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall and others. Smart money says Garcia—who has done some great turns in movies like *The Untouchables*, *Black Rain* and *Internal Affairs*—will never be confused with Raul Julia again.

In the room, Garcia gets comfortable and begins to relax visibly. He's wearing a wrinkled blue linen suit, a white t-shirt and brown loafers without socks. The more he loosens up, the thicker his Cuban accent becomes. "When I let down my guard," he says, "there it is." We order up lunch, and Garcia starts to talk about his career, which began with Hal Ashby's underrated (and mostly unseen) *8 Million Ways to Die*. Check out Garcia's portrayal of a sleazy dope salesman with heart, and you'll see that every onscreen drug dealer afterwards was drawn from his Angel Maldonado. "It was just the most unbelievable movie to do," he says, remembering back to his collaboration with Ashby and Jeff Bridges. "I thought it was a fantastic film, but then they took control away from Hal, and the studio just let the movie die. They gave it *no* promotion. I've been in worse movies that the studios fought harder for." Like which ones? he's asked. But no, you will

"I think a lot of what's onscreen today is visual pornography. You will never see me do some of those pictures where nothing is left to the imagination. Never. It's not my cup of tea. I'd rather see a girl in a one-piece bathing suit than a bikini. That's the kind of guy I am."



"People always told me I looked like Pacino, but I never saw it. But one day on the set, I looked at him with his makeup on, and I knew; someday, that's exactly how I would look."

STEVE SCHAPIRO/PARAMOUNT

not find Garcia biting the hands that feed him in the press. He just goes on: "Every part that was written for a drug dealer after that wound up on my doorstep. 'But this one is different,' the producer would swear. 'The drug dealer lives in Chicago.' But I need to be passionate about something in order to do it. I have no need to just see myself on screen. Early in my career, I was turning down work when there was really no work to turn down. If I'm not interested or excited by the part, no amount of money or pressure can get me to do it."

Garcia was passionate about his part in *Godfather III*, which he worked on for seven months, traveling to Rome, the Italian countryside and New York before it finally wrapped. Although reports from the set hinted at mayhem, Garcia says it simply wasn't that way. "Coppola was absolutely invigorating. The whole endeavor was tremendously stressful, trying to live up to the success of the other *Godfather* films, so it's not without complications and pressure. In order to do good work, there has to be spontaneity and recklessness. And there's Francis, carrying the weight of what this work will mean in terms of his life. What he had to do was disempower the magnitude of this movie in order to do it right. And he did. If Francis called to say he wanted to make a movie with me tomorrow, I'd be on a plane tonight. The man is truly of the theatre and his strokes are operatic."

And what was it like, teaming up with these *Godfather* alumni? "People always told me I looked like Pacino," Garcia remembers. "I mean years ago. I never saw it. But one day on the set—and remember, Al plays this whole thing much older, with grey hair and lines around his eyes—I looked over and I

EMILIO LARI/PARAMOUNT

ON THE SET

It's the last week of filming in New York. An area of Little Italy that's controlled by John Gotti (New York's *real* Godfather) has been transformed into 1979, and a street fair with zeppolis and cannolis and fried sausage has been set up on Elizabeth Street. Extras, dressed as priests, old Italian mommas and wiseguys, mix with the real thing to the point that nobody can tell the difference: When a crew member grabs an extra to stand in front of a building before the cameras roll, the woman bristles with anger and insists that she's just trying to get to her apartment.

The rotund Coppola exits from his airstream trailer at exactly nine a.m. and goes over to chat with the stars of the day's shoot, Andy Garcia and Joe Mantegna. Garcia, dressed as a mounted policeman, looks impatient to begin, but Mantegna has to be fitted with the exploding blood capsules that will eventually stain his camel hair coat. Coppola stops to laugh with some of Gotti's men who have come to pay their respects, and then hurries to look over the shoulder of his Director of Photography, Gordon Willis. Coppola nods, Garcia mounts his horse. Then shots ring out and Mantegna crumbles to the ground: Garcia is only *pretending* to be a cop! By noon they've done another take, and then, of course, it's lunchtime. When they reconvene at 3:30, there's a hasty conference with costume designer Milena Canonero, who assures everyone that she has a stash of camel hair coats in the wardrobe trailer. Rain is threatening, so they rush to do another two shots, and at 6:30, it looks like it might be a wrap. But no...the director decides he isn't quite finished. More blood, more bullets, another coat for the garbage: Coppola's face is nearly transported with the joy of filmmaking.

—*M.F.*

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"If Francis called to say he wanted to make a movie with me tomorrow, I'd be on a plane tonight. The man is truly of the theatre and his strokes are operatic."

knew: One day, that's exactly how I would look."

What Garcia refuses to discuss is what this picture can mean in terms of his career and the amount of exposure he stands to gain. He does not need to be reminded that Pacino and De Niro became household names after Coppola had his way with them, but he insists it's of no concern. "I don't think about that. Period. No way. Never. This was a job, although a very good and interesting one, but a job all the same. I do *not* look ahead to see what it means to my *career*," he says with a sneer, changing the subject.

The sneer will probably serve Garcia well in his portrayal of Vincent—the illegitimate product of the tryst between Sonny Corleone and the bridesmaid from *The Godfather*. While he is trying to convince his uncle Michael (Al Pacino) to let him run the family business, he's also falling in love with Michael's daughter, his first cousin, played by Sofia Coppola. "I know it's crazy," says Garcia, "the way all these gangsters love their families. But they really do. If you cross them they're liable to do *anything*. But within the confines of the family unit, there's all sorts of warmth. Vincent is also genetically programmed towards violence. He has his grandfather Vito's genes, and his father Sonny's. And this is *The Godfather*, so you just know he's a time bomb."

In fact, Garcia has been ticking towards explosion in most of the movies he's been in. He always has a gun in his hand (drug dealer, cop: it doesn't matter) and the way he works with it is like a slow-motion ballet. But for those of us who would like to see Garcia caress something more than a Magnum, he has this to say: "I think a lot of what's onscreen today is visual pornography. You will *never* see me do some of those pictures where nothing is left to the imagination. Never. It's not my cup of tea. I'd rather see a girl in a one-piece bathing suit than a bikini. That's the kind of guy I am."

With so few films behind him, Garcia has been lucky to work with some of the best directors (Coppola, De Palma, Ridley Scott) and actors (De Niro, Sean Connery, Bridges, Pacino) of his time. "Yeah," he laughs, "maybe it's time to start working with some of the lousy ones." But then he gets thoughtful and starts to dream. "I'd love to work with Scorsese, for sure. I'm dying to work with him. I'd love to work with Jeff Bridges again, because he's such a generous actor and a fine, fine artist. I'm attracted to Bertolucci's films and so I'd like to work with him someday. Coppola again, Mike Figgis, too. But you know what I've found? You love someone's work and then you meet them... and they're a complete schmuck! It can be a real shock. I just try to keep an open mind and read the script to see if I'm excited by the character. That's the test for me."

And does he want to say anything about the craziness of *The Godfather* set? "This was a *big* movie," he says, the guard coming up one last time, "and there was so much attention paid to it because of Francis and where his career has gone. So of course the press focuses on the insanity. But it was a *wonderful* experience. And if it wasn't," he says with a smile, "what makes you think I'd tell *you* about it?" ★

JOHN CUSACK

ANJELICA HUSTON

ANNETTE BENING

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LAURA SAN GIACOMO

It happened at 1989's *sex, lies and videotape* festival. Okay, there were those who called it the Cannes Film Festival, but the point is a German reporter actually told Laura San Giacomo, "In real life, you're not so...horny."

Those Germans.

"People are *still* interested in hearing about *sex, lies,* as if they haven't heard enough about it already," laughs the New Jersey native, who has since scored nicely as Julia Roberts' hooker pal in *Pretty Woman*. "And there's still a bit of interest in what the process was like; and what did it feel like; and what life after *sex, lies* is like.

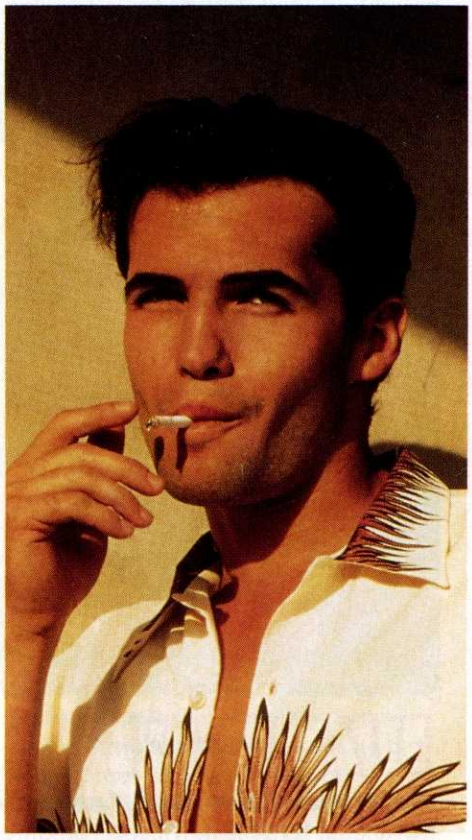
"But definitely the jaw-dropping isn't there anymore."

Which is good. The Carnegie-Mellon drama grad is ready to bare some new facets of her work in the upcoming Tom Selleck topper *Quigley Down Under* and director Lasse Halstrom's *Once Around*.

Quigley concerns Australia, circa 1850 and the virtual extinction of the Aborigine people, much akin to our own Indian annihilation. Selleck's a sharpshooter enlisted by wealthy cattle rancher Alan Rickman (who oozed malice as *Die Hard*'s Hans Gruber) to rid his land of dingo dogs. Our subject essays the role of Crazy Cora.

San Giacomo analyzes the Crazy Cora persona: "Because of an incident that happened earlier in her life—the death of her child—she tries to hide back in that time before her child died. And that's why she's called 'crazy,' but she's not really crazy."

An entirely different face (and one much closer to home) is her role in *Once Around*, the first film from Halstrom since his globally acclaimed *My Life as a Dog*. Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter lead this ensemble



piece concerning a tightly-knit Italian family (redundant?) whose serenity is suddenly jeopardized.

San Giacomo, being Italian, no doubt understood the familial aspect of the storyline. And the script was so tight she didn't need to offer ideas. "No, I think there was a pretty good structure of a family there," explains the twenty-seven-year-old. "It's certainly a different family than mine, but there's an essence of all families that's alike, I suppose."

And the *Once Around* set was typical in that a little, albeit temporary, family unit was formed for the duration of the shoot.

"Laughter, lots of laughter," says San Giacomo of Halstrom's relaxed working conditions. "With Dreyfuss and Hunter around, there's bound to be laughter."

—David Pecchia

BILLY ZANE

The wild, crazy man who sunk two ships in *Dead Calm,* is now keeping the plane in the air in *Memphis Belle* . This time, Billy Zane uses that same intense, smoldering thing—call it "machismo"—that made him such a psychopath in the Aussie thriller, to play a heroic World War II flyer who saves his buddy Eric Stoltz' life.

It wasn't all fun and games working with the *creme de la creme* of young male actors. Zane and co-stars Stoltz, Matthew Modine, D.B. Sweeney, Harry Connick Jr. and Sean Astin actually had to go through boot camp in London, suffering what their characters probably suffered in the forties. But did they really need anything that extreme to get into character? "In retrospect, you say yes," muses Zane, from the now-comfortable distance of Los Angeles. "But on the days we did it, I was saying, 'C'mon, we're *actors* !' Trudging through the mud, eating powdered eggs—forget it. But it served its purpose. I have no regrets."

One of its purposes was to draw the actors together to create the kind of male bonding that contributed to keeping the real-life famous *Memphis Belle* bomber in the air for its record twenty-five missions.

Memphis Belle is such a strong re–creation of a forties' war movie, it's almost...retro. But Zane has a good idea of what it can contribute to a contemporary audience. "It's hopefully gonna inspire a resurgence in the national identity," he says seriously. "During warfare, the country tends to bond together. Our task was to show how that bonding kept us in the sky, kept us alive. It's particularly riveting when the lives at stake are young. Young people don't have too many ties, that's why they're good warriors. Youth tends to overcome fear."

—Merle Ginsberg

MARK HANAUER/ONYX

ANNETTE BENING

Annette Bening knows about bum deals. She had a shot at playing the prostitute who allows John Malkovich to pen a love letter using her naked derriere as a desk in *Dangerous Liaisons*. Unfortunately, the hopeful actress, was—"Pardon the pun," she apologizes—"canned."

Not that her career is falling behind. She says acting has much more to do with another part of the anatomy. "You immediately go behind your eyes to find a way toward a character."

Her own baby blue peepers are animated as she lopes around a Chicago hotel room talking about Frears' latest, *The Grifters*, where she is Myra Longtry, one of "a triangle of cons who fool each other. It's psychological," she says. "Sophisticated."

After logging time with the prestigious American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and earning a Tony nomination for her Broadway role in *Coastal Disturbances*, she became a film chameleon, barely recognizable from one role to the next—playing the manipulative Marquise de Merteuil in *Valmont*, Milos Forman's version of *Liaisons* and Dan Aykroyd's prissy wife in *The Great Outdoors*. "Who wants to plagiarize yourself?" she insists. She isn't. Next up are two more big-star dramas, *Guilty by Suspicion* with Robert De Niro and *Regarding Henry* with Harrison Ford.

Of bum deals in Hollywood, she has this to say: "Struggle is healthy. I prefer to think of the down times like I was simmering."

—Cindy Pearlman

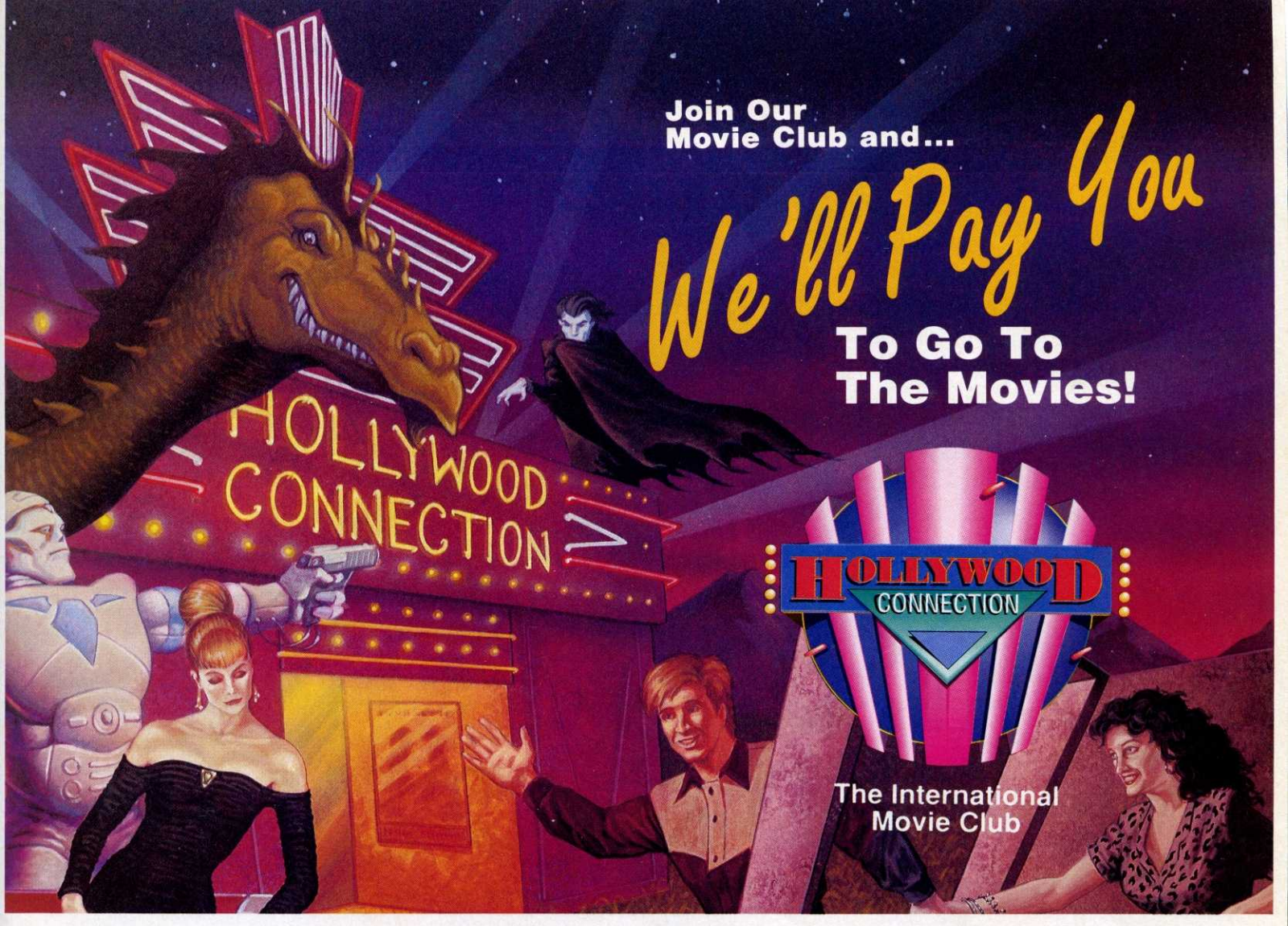
FIROOZ ZAHEDI

ELIZABETH PEÑA

As Tim Robbins' sexy co-star in the psychological thriller *Jacob's Ladder*, Elizabeth Peña radiates a crackling sensuality that should set male moviegoers drooling in the aisles, but by Hollywood glamor-girl standards, Peña is not your classic definition of star material. Born in New Jersey to Cuban parents, she's not model-pretty, she's no longer twenty and there is, of course, the unavoidable bugaboo of 'ethnic typecasting.' Sighs Peña, "There's little enough work for women as there is. If you're going to be called a 'latino actress' and be limited in that way, you're in deep trouble."

Even Peña's parents, performers who started the Latin American Theatre Ensemble, a theatre company in New York, were less than thrilled when Peña chose acting as her career. "My father thought it was stupid. He thought I'd always be broke and unemployed and insecure. My mother was very dramatic. She got down on her knees and begged me not to. She said if I became an actress she would die." She lets out a throaty chuckle and adds, "She's over it now." Peña's irrestible rise was inevitable. With a talent that has cracked the stereotype barrier, Peña has taken on some otherwise 'typical parts' and turned them into plum character roles: the sexy maid in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, the abused sister-in-law in *La Bamba*, the doomed best friend in *Blue Steel*, the spunky secretary in television's *Shannon's Deal*. In *Jacob's Ladder*, director Adrian Lyne's first film since *Fatal Attraction*, Peña does play the girlfriend, but it is the unusually meaty role of Jezebel, who becomes the focus of Robbins' post-Vietnam hallucinatory fantasies. As much as Peña enjoyed making *Jacob's Ladder* — "I would work with Adrian forever if he allowed me,"—she was less than happy about doing nudity on screen. "It's an awful thing. I've never done it before, but one of the reasons I could never argue against it in *Jacob's Ladder* is that it's part of what's happening in Jacob's head, and that can't be censored."

–Shari Roman



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TAKE 2

VIETNAM

ADRIAN LYNE HAS DIRECTED A THRILLER WITH A PSYCHOLOGICAL TWIST IN *JACOB'S LADDER*. FOR ACTOR TIM ROBBINS IT WAS WORTH STRETCHING FOR.

TIMOTHY WHITE/ONYX

Tim Robbins

It's the kind of part actors would kill for, this Jacob Singer fellow. But it's also the kind of role that would just as soon kill the actor. Demented hallucinations; the emotional roller-coaster; twisted paranoia. It's a monster role, full of kinks and curves that test an actor's resolve...and sanity.

But for Tim Robbins, it's not the pinnacle.

"I would hate to say that it's the ultimate role considering that I'm only thirty-two," the actor says over the phone lines from New York. "But it's a pretty remarkable role. I hope I did it justice."

Robbins' work as hellion moundsman "Nuke" Laloosh in *Bull Durham* is pretty far afield from what moviegoers will see him endure throughout *Jacob's Ladder*. In fact, Robbins' versatility mixed with a perceived vulnerability allowed him the chance to play the tortured Jacob Singer.

"I agreed when I read it that one needed to find the lightness in the character in order to survive the two hours," states Robbins, one of the founders of L.A.'s Actors' Gang. "Because he goes through so much pain and misery that whoever was going to play that role had to bring and be able to find moments of hope."

A very emotional shoot, the *Jacob's Ladder* ordeal also had its share of physical discomfort. Robbins in particular took his lumps in take after take of excruciating mental anguish. And no letting up for four months.

Some acting types get crocked after the day has wrapped. Others curl up with a good book or a Significant Other. Tim Robbins here reveals his secret technique for unwinding after a rigorous shoot.

"I slept." Laughter on both coasts.

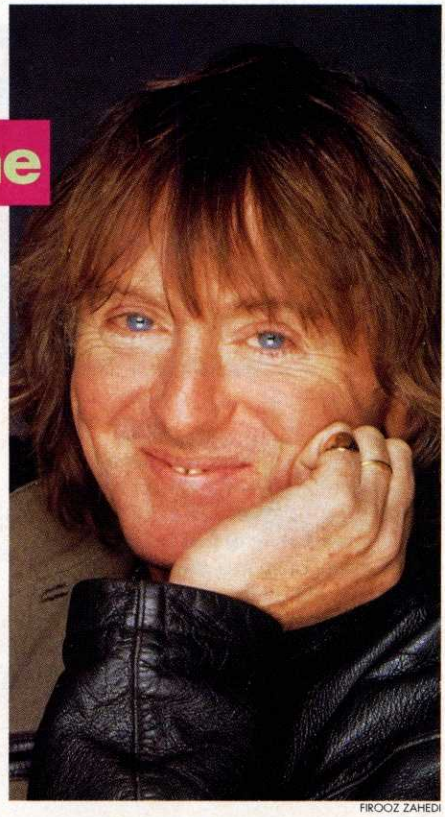
If everything said about *Jacob's Ladder* up until now is true, people will definitely not be laughing when they wander out of certain movie houses this month. But they will be moved.

—David Pecchia

VIETNAM

VERTIGO

Adrian Lyne



FIROOZ ZAHEDI

Adrian Lyne is at it again. The British director, infamous for such provocations as *9 ½ Weeks* and *Fatal Attraction*, has decided to tackle one of the most daring screenplays in town.

Jacob's Ladder is the twisted experience of Jacob Singer, a Vietnam vet whose life short-circuits thanks to a series of horrifyingly intense hallucinations.

For years nobody wanted to make this movie. Enter Adrian Lyne.

"Well, I felt more strongly about it in the end," says Lyne, who pulled out of the possibly more salable *Bonfire of the Vanities* to explore the tormented world of Jacob Singer. Lyne was waiting for a suitable *Bonfire* script and discussing important things with producer Peter Guber, when his agent turned him on to *Ghost* writer Bruce Joel Rubin's much-admired (yet never greenlighted) script.

"So I did it, although, as you say, it's less obviously commercial. It's very strong. I mean, I'm not sure how entertaining in the accepted sense it is...it's something of an ordeal too, but it's hopefully worthwhile.

"You know, I think people will certainly argue about it and find it controversial."

This will be a peculiar film in many ways. A number of so-called "special effects" movies are photographed with the performers against a blue screen. The monsters are added months later, so the actor is forced to look at that day's lunch spread to summon up an appearance of real terror.

"We spent at least a year just trying to arrive at a way of how to do it, how to do the whole special effects area," admits Lyne. Severed heads, agonizing bodies wrapped in cellophane, a bathtub scene far more disturbing than the one in *Ghostbusters II*. It's all in there. What's special about the effects is the director got all his stuff "in camera," as opposed to sending partially exposed film off to some remote optical house.

"Sometimes it was a question of the shutter speed of the camera using real people. Other times it was a question of using mechanical things," explains this affable chap. "I use vibrating things a lot. I use a kind of tormented, shaking imagery quite a bit." The result is the recurring visual motif of blur-headed characters popping up, resembling the agonized portraits of English painter Francis Bacon.

—D. P.

ANDY SCHARTZ

VERTIGO

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RUN

Action/Adventure

Charlie Farrow (Patrick Dempsey) is under a mountain of pressure, being a Harvard Law student and all, so he decides to take a quiet New England road trip. Buddy, you should have stayed home. The poor guy who's learning how to uphold the law gets a harsh lesson in perverted justice when he finds himself in a nowhere town accused of a murder he didn't commit. Now, if that's not enough, the corpse is the son of the local mob boss. Heavy bummer, Charlie. (*Hollywood Pictures*)

AVALON

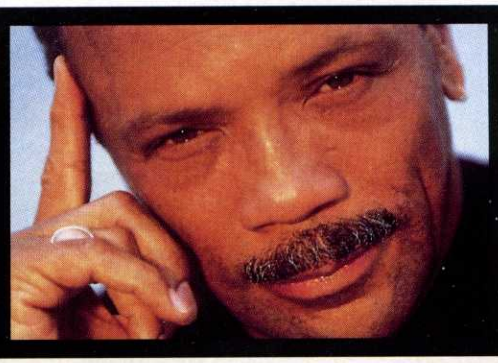
Drama

Barry Levinson's final installation of his Baltimore trilogy—the others being *Diner* and *Tin Men*—is a chronicle of an immigrant family of five brothers and their many offspring seen through the nostalgic eye of the director's grandson/protagonist. Through the details of the clan's joys and tragedies, we see the coming of age of our own culture. For Levinson, you *can* go home again, but the return brings as much pain as pride. (*Tri-Star*)

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Drama

Okay, he looks great, but can he *direct*? Kevin Costner answers this with a full-blown historical epic as a directorial debut. In front of the camera, Costner plays an ordinary man in the 1860's—moving through the frontier into the ancient lands of the Native Americans. His thirst to feel the freedom of open space and pre-settled life puts him in the middle of the white desire for *lebensraum* and the Natives' birthright. (*Orion*)



HOME ALONE

Comedy

When Mr. and Mrs. McCallister (John Heard and Catherine O'Hara) take off for a Paris vacation, they accidentally leave something pretty important behind—their kid. Little Kevin (Macaulay Culkin), like all youngsters, is spooked by the prospect of being left all alone for Christmas, but things get worse when a pair of inept would-be thieves (Joe Pesci and Daniel Stern) start casing the house. Kevin's jitters turn to belly laughs when he starts outfitting the house with elaborate booby traps. (*Twentieth Century Fox*)

CHILD'S PLAY II

Horror

Yep, just about everything comes back in Tinseltown. Fifties diners, psychedelic music, flared pants and a two-foot-high psychotic doll from hell. Chucky, that cute little toy with a taste for human souls, has made a comeback and boy is he miffed. He was burnt to a crisp in the last one, but the toy company put him back together for the court inquest. While they try to prove that toys don't hack people into little bits, the Chuckster sharpens up his cutlery and goes out for a little R and R. Revenge and Rage, that is. (*Universal*)

LISTEN UP

Documentary

Quincy Jones has been a force on the American music scene since he first hit the road with Lionel Hampton's band. The charismatic arranger/composer/producer went on to be a guiding force in the music of Miles Davis, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra, Michael Jackson, "We Are the World," and movie soundtracks like *The Pawnbroker* and *The Heat of the Night*. The format for the film is that of a collage, mixing footage of Jones in action with onscreen testimony about the man and his impact. (*Warner Bros.*)

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Horror

Goremeister George Romero reincarnates his 1968 corpse-munching classic in vivid and vile full color. There's a voodoo legend that states, "When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth." Well, Lucifer's lodgings are definitely booked solid and the overmatter has taken to wandering the countryside, happily feasting on any living humans. With this as a backdrop, the plot spins around seven non-zombies trapped in a farmhouse while flesheaters try to bum-rush the door. (*Columbia*)

MEMPHIS BELLE

Drama

Matthew Modine and Billy Zane lead an ensemble crew of Hollywood's hip young talent through this mini-epic of military nostalgia. It's the middle of WWII and Modine et al are the crew of the "Memphis Belle"—a B-17 Flying Fortress about to end it's tour of duty. Their final mission turns out to be no pleasure junket for the youthful and terrified flyboys. As both plane and crew take their share of flack, we see the connection between wartime camaraderie and lost innocence. (*Warner Bros.*)

MR. DESTINY

Comedy

Larry Burrows (Jim Belushi) blew it in high school. At bat in the big game, this poor schnook watched three balls and his hope for a future fly by. Now, twenty years later, Burrows is sure that his life term in Palookaville is penance for this mishap at the plate. He finally gets his chance to find out *what if*, when he meets a curious stranger who's able to show him the outcome of an alternate baseball reality. Can you say Frank Capra? (*Buena Vista*)

JACOB'S LADDER

Psychological Thriller

Tim Robbins is a PhD. candidate who, upon his return from Vietnam, takes a post office job because he "doesn't want to think." Thoughts force themselves on our hero in the form of mega-hallucinations. Was he in Vietnam? Is his current life a hallucination? Is anything real? These are the questions addressed by director Adrian Lyne's searingly complex bit of celluloid. Excellent support by Danny Aiello as the angelic chiropractor and Elizabeth Peña as his long-suffering girlfriend. (*Tri-Star*)

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

Drama

Jeremy Irons does an amazing character-transformation as the cynical defendant, Claus von Bulow. Irons *is* von Bulow, down to the self-mocking upper-class sneer. Ron Silver plays Alan Dershowitz, the lawyer who defends the accused wife-killer, and Glenn Close plays the comatose Sunny von Bulow in this dramatization of a real-life court-case story that kept New York's tabloids very busy a couple of years back. Director Barbet Schroeder (*Barfly*) casts his fine eye on the conflict. (*Warner Bros.*)

MR. AND MRS. BRIDGE

Drama

The latest finely-wrought life-slice from the Merchant-Ivory team stars Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward as the upstanding midwest couple of the title. Mr. Bridge is a rigidly principled lawyer who likes to have things done his way. The Mrs. is very sensitive, prone to crying jags and romantic notions. Their children grow up and move out in the course of the film's progress with varying degrees of respect for their parents' ideas. (*Miramax*)

VIDEOFILE

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ON THE BIG SCREEN

PRETTY WOMAN

Touchstone Home Video

In this updated version of *My Fair Lady*, Richard Gere plays a bored corporate exec who thrives on the challenge of making an honest woman out of the earthy, streetwise hooker, Julia Roberts. Roberts steals the film with her sexy, intelligent performance. For Gere, it's anything but a stretch. The small scenes work best, as when Gere informs a wimpy Rodeo Drive haberdasher that Roberts would like "major sucking up" attention while he's buying her a new wardrobe. Priced to sell at $19.95.

MYSTERY TRAIN

Orion Home Video

Fans of Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* know he is one of the two American film directors who can lay claim to the adjective "quirky." David Lynch is the quirky filmmaker of the moment, but he's conservative compared with Jarmusch, who here takes his young Japanese characters to Memphis, where they plan to genuflect to Elvis at Graceland. Jarmusch sets up the viewer with his sleazy hotel room, a mysterious gunshot and the incessant track of Presley's "Blue Moon" crooning on the radio. The off-putting humor makes you forget that the narrative is confusing. Jarmusch gets by on technique, but he's refreshingly original.

CHATTAHOOCHEE

HBO Video

This haunting little film begins innocently when a distraught Korean War hero (Gary Oldman) returns to his Florida home town. He wants his wife to collect his army pension and the way to do this is to get the town police to shoot him. He fails, and when he's incarcerated in the state mental hospital, Oldman begins to understand the demons lurking in the skulls of the mentally ill. The relationship between Olman and co–star Dennis Hopper is difficult, touching and sad. It's the best depiction of what goes on behind the locked ward since *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.*

BACK TO THE FUTURE III

MCA/Universal Home Video

It was unsurprising that the second leg of this popular sci-fi comic trilogy did not have anywhere near the warmth, charm and surprise that the original had. The final chapter, however, is closer to the spirit of the first as our intrepid time travelers find themselves in 1885 with cowboys and Indians. Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) finds Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) working as a blacksmith. Will they make it back to 1955? Of course, but the point of this diversion is not wondering how it ends. It's the endearing relationship between a suburban, All-American kid and a zany inventor. Leave it to Lloyd's eyebrows to carry the soft spots in the script.

CADILLAC MAN

Orion Home Video

Robin Williams as Joey O'Brien, the seedy car salesman from Queens who uses the same pitches to seduce women as he does to sell cars? Why not? Williams has one thing going for him that most major film stars do not: the ability to carry any movie with his manic monologues and extremely comical written-on-the-run riffs. The screenplay is contrived, but it doesn't matter. A nearly broke Williams can handle with equal aplomb the touchiest customers and most of the jealous husbands and bull the goon who wants to break his knees. What he doesn't bank on is a crazy guy who takes his showroom hostage, wanting to blast everyone who has had an affair with his wife. It's a one-man show, but if you love Robin you won't mind.

—Doug Garr

SCHWARZENEGGER

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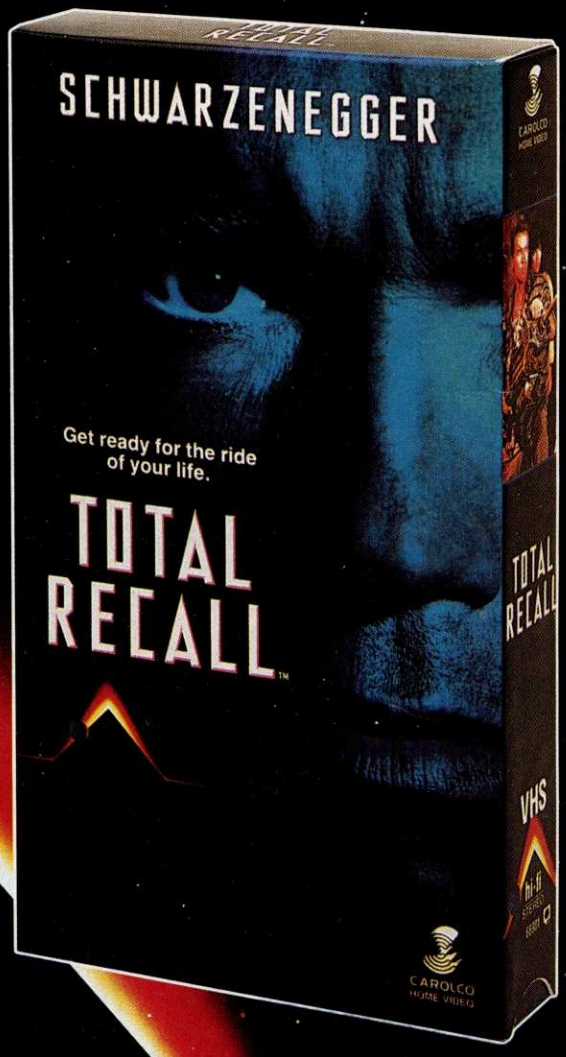

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